

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeathugh & Co's Building...

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

The Duke of Argyle complains that the Highlanders are too profligate.

"The bicycle is responsible for a serious decay in public manners," declares the New York Sun.

China proposes to fortify Pekin by building a chain of huge forts, provided with the best of artillery, around the city.

Our War Department cost last year, 1894, \$54,567,939. Our army is the most expensive, proportioned to its numbers, in the world, states the New York Mail and Express.

A Babylonian tablet in the British Museum which has just been deciphered has an account of the death of King Sennacherib, almost identical with that in the Bible (II. Kings, xix., 37).

The Department of Agriculture is preparing a gigantic road map of the United States. The map when completed will show the condition as regards paving or macadamizing, construction and repair of every highway in the United States.

The Volk points out that the German courts discriminate in favor of the Jew. If a tailor or cobbler resents an insult by knocking down his defamer he suffers imprisonment with all its rigors, but if an officer or other chap of "quality" punishes a similar insult by shooting his adversary, or running a sword through his body, he is merely detained within the confines of some fortress and there treated as a "gentleman."

Maine is well in line, notes the New York Sun. Her corn crop this year will be one of the largest ever known. It is also a great year for beekeepers in Maine. It's been a big year for lobsters, too, over 4,000,000 lobsters having been taken along the Maine coast this season, according to the estimate of the Fish Commissioner.

There is considerable talk again in the Michigan peninsula about the proposed canal to connect the southeastern end of Lake Michigan with the west end of Lake Erie, that is, to connect Chicago and Toledo, and thus save the several days of transit through the length of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron.

Batavia, N. Y., formerly paid \$7,200 for seventy-two arc lights, or \$100 a light. By the issue of bonds a new municipal plant costing \$23,000 was completed one year ago. The number of lights was increased fourteen, making eighty-six in all. The actual cost of running the eighty-six lights was \$375.08, or \$41.62 per light per year—less than eleven and one-half cents per night.

A lumber dealer in New Hampshire of advanced age, and who retired from active operations many years ago, expresses great surprise at the rapid change in the distribution of wood and lumber since his active business period.

Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba Hospital occupies the best position in the township, even then it is, in anything, a little less ideal than an undertaker's show room. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stares at it from the fourth; and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

If you were toiling up a weary hill Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear. Straining each nerve unflinchingly, and still Stumbling and losing foothold here and there.

DAPHNE.

ALL angular and peculiarly plain, She was the wife of a Queensland Bush Carrier; and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that ladies of that station are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily-laden bullock wagons across plains and never-ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to a civilized life again.

In the Queensland Bush carrying trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries, the townships of Hingden, Longreach and Charleville, and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table-topped wagons, bound for stations in the Great West, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree, and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, foot-patrol class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Small wonder that the women grow to be hard and rough, coarsening, as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex, and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man.

As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular and peculiarly plain, and, in spite of the glaring incongruity of it, it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hingden-Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and the mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with her occurred on the edge of a Boree scrub, a dismal place, and more than a hundred miles removed from either of the above townships. They were camped beside a big water hole, and on dismounting from my horse I was introduced by the carrier, who was becoming ceremonious to his wife. Great were the proofs of friendship they showed to me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital, recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon; and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner, which, by those unskilled in such matters, might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string; for his eyes lit up, his voice softened; and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

"She was getting on well," he said, "but all the same, it was terrible slow work."

Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba Hospital occupies the best position in the township, even then it is, in anything, a little less ideal than an undertaker's show room.

When my business was finished I rode up to the hospital and left some newspapers. Daphne being the only patient, I found her occupying the best bed in the only ward. Her wavy black hair straggled in rank confusion about the pillow, while her complexion harmonized, as well as a well-tanned skin would permit, with the dusky whiteness of the countenance.

Only the great dark honest eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which, when read aright, spell hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Toward the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and, preceded by the matron, stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway, dazed, bewildered perhaps by half darkness; then, recognizing his wife, he advanced toward the bed.

"Daphne, old gal," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, "an' 'ow's it with ee now? Ye looks better by a good sight!" She gave a little sigh before she replied.

"I'm nearly well, now, Bill; better 'n I've been by a long chalk. Sit ye down, old man, and tell us 'ow it goes with the children an' the team!"

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place, fell to scrubbing his face with a flaring red cotton handkerchief.

"The kids is fit, and the team's first-class," he answered. Then with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown hands upon the coverlet.

"My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin'."

Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little wan smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face. Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

"An' 'ow's the roads lookin' out back?" she asked. "All, an' no mistake; green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgeree Creek there's water in every hole, an' the little wild flowers yer used to like is that thick along the track yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some!"

Out of the lining of his big cabbage-tree hat he took a tiny bunch of Bush bluebells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule; she, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside, and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks.

"Bill," she said softly, "you was allus a good chap to me!" "Nay, nay, my lass, you mustn't say that. You don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder; things ain't the same at all without you. Make 'aste an' get well an' come back to the kids an' me, an' let's get out of this 'ere town."

"I shan't be!" "Shan't be, what, lass?" He looked rather anxiously down at her.

"I shan't be!" The weak voice passed as if it think of a word, then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued.

Finally she said: "I—I shan't be long." Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued: "I'm 'avin' new tires put on the forewheels, an' we've got the new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an' Blossom that were too old for work. We've got full loadin' out to the Diamantina an' back, an' when the trip's done there'll be a matter o' £20 to put in the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass, an' come back to yer place on the load; an' the sight o' them wild flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin' any worse, are yer?"

"No, old man; the doctor says I'll be out this side o' Sunday." "That's the talk! We're camped yonder on the creek, an' the day ye're out I'll come up an' fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, the leadin' 'ill be aboard, an' the very next mornin' we'll have the yokes on, an' by where a man's got room to breathe!"

"Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like the parson, who comes here every Monday, calls poetry!"

There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply: "Ye see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't never been ill like this afore!"

being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession. When Daphne's husband entered he was engaged writing to the Board, demanding for the sixth time, an increase in his meagre salary.

He looked up, and, seeing the man before him, said roughly: "Well, what do you want?" The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

"Beg yer pardon, sir, an' sorry for interruptin'; but the missus axed me to ax you if it were likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin' alongside the team when she comes out?"

"Whose missus?—Oh! I understand; the woman in the yard there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man! What are you talking about? Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?"

"I mean, in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out." "Well enough to come out? Why, man alive! she's as well now as ever she will be. It was compound fracture of both femur, and a double amputation. She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with! No! No! You'd better look out for a horse in the township, and find some body to move her about for the rest of her life. She'll never be able to travel with you again. Here! hang it, man, go outside if you are going to be ill!"

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but—if yer don't mind, I'll just sit down for a minute. Everythin'—a—goin' round an' round, an' I don't somehow feel kinder well."—Chambers's Journal.

New Uses for Peat. German chemists have been experimenting with Irish peat, and have secured such remarkable results that a syndicate has been formed for the manufacture, on a commercial scale, of the various products that may be obtained from Ireland's bog lands.

One of these products is an antiseptic "wool" for dressing wounds. It possesses absorbent qualities so great that it will soak up nine times its weight in moisture. The medical department of the French army has adopted this substitute for lint, and has 12,000 kilograms of it were sent with the expeditionary force to Madagascar.

By a different process of chemical treatment, the peat is formed into a material from which any article requiring hardness and durability can be produced. The German syndicate has now on exhibition in London insulators, axle boxes, machinery bearings, gun stocks, pianoforte legs and numerous other things to illustrate the possibilities of this new material.

Peat has been used in this country for lining refrigerators and cold storage rooms and to some extent as a covering for steam pipes, because of its value as a non-conductor of heat. But by these new German processes a wide field appears to have been opened, in which capital and labor may be profitably employed, and the Irish peat bogs acquire a value hitherto unknown.

One of the largest beds of fine peat in this country underlies the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia. The experiments of the German chemists about this material result in a largification of Ireland's great deposits, it will not be long before some American chemist determines whether Virginia peat can be treated in like manner and the same products be obtained.—Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

Nightingales Sold for Food. M. De Parville, our Paris correspondent says, asks for the suppression of bird markets. He counted in one Paris bird market last May 200 nightingales, hundreds of pinsons (charming little songsters peculiar to French woods and fields) and 2000 finches. Ship loads of quails are sent from North Africa to France for the food markets. The gourd, heron and bird of paradise are becoming rare.

The plover must soon disappear, its wings being a favorite trimming for hats and its eggs a superior table delicacy. The white of its eggs has also, when dried and hardened, great industrial value, imitations of mescalina being made with it. Japan is the only country that shows itself well alive to the value of all birds. Every species is now protected in the nesting time. M. Pichet, an authority on bird life, unites with M. De Parville in demanding protection for all birds in the nesting season. They are man's one auxiliary against the insect.—London News.

A Remarkable Dog. "I have a dog," said a minister, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious. One Sunday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard, and of course I went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in a woodshed, standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn sashanna with one paw and gesticulated with the other, while he swayed his head and howled as to an audience of four other dogs even more sadly than I had done in the morning."

The narrator of the crow story threw up the sponge.—London Tit-Bits.

An Extraordinary Beggar. At Bilbao, Spain, a beggar died lately at the age of one hundred and three years. There are said to be quite a number of centenarians in the land of the Hildagos, and the beggar's death would hardly have been deemed worthy of public notice if the autopsy of his body had not disclosed the very extraordinary fact that the deceased Lazarus was a consumptive for certainly not less than half a century.—New York World.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Fulfillment—Rejected—Very Precipitous—And He Owes Everybody—A Martinet, Etc., Etc.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts with dainty little ticks and flirts; Poked on the saddle, felt the tread of pedal, and, "I'm off," she said.

A whirl of wheels, a swoosh and away, And from the roadbed, where she lay, She reappeared in full degree. The climax of her prophecy.

VERY PRECIPITOUS THERE.

"They say that Gertrude's husband is almost illiterate."

"Well, he signs a check beautifully."

REJECTED.

Business Man—"Are you a good whistler, my boy?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir; daisy."

Business Man—"Get!"—Boston Courier.

AND HE OWES EVERYBODY.

"Jones has a good deal of money, hasn't he?"

"Well, he ought to have."

"How is that?"

"He never pays any out!"—Chicago Record.

IN NEED OF REPAIRS.

Sandstone—"Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?"

Fiddleback—"Yes; how did you know?"

"I saw her go into a chiropodist's this morning."—Life.

SIX.

Lothair—"How do you manage about your poor relatives now you stay at home?"

Stay-at-home—"Oh, I sift all my relations, rich and poor, the good from the bad, and keep 'em strained."—Judge.

A MARTINET.

A soldier leaving the barracks is stopped by the Corporal of the Guard.

"You cannot go without leave."

"I have the verbal permission of the Captain."

"Show me that verbal permission."—London Globe.

CHAFT.

Doctor—"I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go in for a reduction of competency."

Patient—"Still I want you to put me through a course of anti-fat treatment. My Eolalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her."

NO ACCIDENT.

Mr. Grogan (with the evening paper)—"Phwat's this Oie see! Two yachts turned oopside down?"

Mrs. Grogan (turning the steak in her excitement)—"Oikide it, Moike! How many drownin'?"

Mr. Grogan—"Wait a bit, thin—it's no mistake. Oik had the paper oopside down."—Puck.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

New Resident (at Faraway)—"Who is the best physician in the place?"

High Local Authority—"Dr. Gerns, by all means. He is becoming a very famous man. Why, people are sending for him from everywhere. I advise you to try him."

New Resident—"What is his specialty?"

High Local Authority (with pride)—"Antipsy, I believe, sir."—Judge.

A GENEROUS LAD.

"Tommy!"

"No answer."

"Tom-meel!"

"Well?"

"What are you doing to your brother Willie?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you are. You are making him cry."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The tensile strength mahogany is next to lancewood, sustaining 21,000 pounds per square inch.

Some Danish naturalists in Greenland have brought up lobsters from a depth of 1300 fathoms.

What argon is still a puzzle to scientists, as all attempts to discover its chemical nature have so far failed.

It is said that the largest crane in the world is in the Krupp iron works, Essen, Germany. It lifts and turns a weight of 150 tons.

The French makers of horseless carriages claim to be able to propel them at cost for fuel of 11 cents a mile, where the cost of oats for horses is about four cents a mile.

A naphtha spring has been opened at Grosni, in the Terek province, in the Caucasus, Russia, which is throwing jets to a great height and discharging a large amount of the fluid daily.

Gaiton declares that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but that the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one in sixty-four billions.

Dr. G. Schwalbe, of Strauburg, Germany, is making a tour of the world to make a scientific collection of the measurements of the heads of various races and tribes, besides an assortment of skulls and hair.

A committee of the British Dental Association has examined the teeth of 11,422 school children. One thing shown is that the teeth of children of the rich are more prone to decay than those of children of the poor.

Pictet, the great Swiss chemist, has found that a combination of sulphurous and carbonic acid gases possesses remarkable power as a disinfectant. It not only kills disease germs, but it also diffuses itself in such a wonderful manner that it acts more rapidly than other fumes.

The importation of steel wire gauze with prepared wool pulp has rendered it possible to employ paper for building purposes. The rigidity of the wire counteracts the buckling tendency of the paper. The material is waterproof and readily fastened with steel bands. It is said to be an effective non-conductor, successfully resisting heat, cold and wet, and to lend itself well to artistic treatment.

Pencil That Went Through the War.

"I have a very fine and choice cabinet of relics and specimens of the late war," said J. Fillmore, of South Dakota. He is an old veteran, and is returning home from the Louisville encampment. "In the collection is an old-fashioned common lead pencil, only three-quarters of an inch long, which was given to me by Major L. B. Fairbanks, who carried it through the entire war, and in presenting it to me the Major gave me this biographical sketch of the pencil: 'This pencil is a veteran of the late war. When it enlisted it was round and of full length.'"

"When the war was over it was like many other veterans—badly used up. During its service it campaigned in dust and mud, over the hills and plains of Maryland and Virginia, through the swamps of Mississippi, across the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee and again through Virginia, from the Wilderness to Appomattox. It has watched upon the picket line in daylight and in darkness, in heat and cold, in rain and in snow. It has taken part in many skirmishes and in more than half a score of regular battles, and in addition it went through the siege of Petersburg, and was engaged in several of the assaults upon that stronghold. With it, for eight months, while the owner was first sergeant of his company, he kept the daily record and report of the company."

"It wrote the name and the number of those on detached service, or the absent with leave, of those daily detailed for ordinary camp duties or occasionally for some special duty, of the number present for duty and of the sick in quarters. At the roll call after battle it has noted the names of those who did not answer. It has recorded the names of those men as killed in battle, wounded in battle, died of wounds, died of disease, discharged on account of wounds received, and disease contracted in line of duty. In its own way it has written its humble page in the history of the most eventful epoch of all times. Preserve it and cherish it."—Kansas City Times.

Knows the Hebrew Bible by Heart.

When Professor Jacob Cooper, of Rutgers, was examined for admission to Yale in 1852 Tutor Talcott said to Mr. Cooper: "How much Greek have you read?" "Over 3000 pages," was the reply. "Do you read Hebrew?" "Yes," said Mr. Talcott. "How much?" "3000 lines?" "No, sir," was the reply. "When I say pages I mean pages."

In later life he declared that if all the Hebrew Bibles in the world were destroyed he could reproduce the text from memory. Professor Cooper's scholarship was recognized by the bestowal last summer of a degree of LL.D. by Tulane University, the President of which, Professor Johnson, was a member of the same class at Yale and remembered the incident cited above.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Two for Slander.

In Poland it was once the custom to sentence backbiters to go on all fours and bark like a dog for the space of a quarter of an hour. This mode of punishment was introduced during the reign of Charles V., but it was soon abolished, as it had to be applied so frequently that his majesty's rest was disturbed, for the barking went on all the forenoon while the courts were sitting.

Intrigues Swindling Device.

The French customs authorities on the Swiss frontier have detected a novel and ingenious swindling device. Watches were sent across the border, sealed up in cans of condensed milk. It is estimated that 22,000 watches, valued at \$405,000, have entered France thus in the past six months.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

The million stars that throng the skies A score of moons would make; Yet now their twinklings just suffice The gloom of night to break.

So friendship may be offering to Of friends of royal hearts, Yet fall to give the ecstasy That love alone imparts.

—Joseph W. Quinn, in Woman's World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

As a rule, when a story is funny, it is not true.—Acheson Globe.

If nobody considers you a crank, you must have attracted very little attention.

The family tree would be all very fine if it were not all tree and no crop.—Life.

A dog will always fight another dog quicker if it has a ribbon around its neck.—Acheson Globe.

"I will snatch a kiss!" he exclaimed. "I verily believe," she faltered, shyly, "you have the face to try it on."

The man who can compose a song without the word "Oh" at the beginning should be given a medal.—Peck's Sun.

Friend—"Was the season satisfactory?" Actor—"Well, we escaped with our lives and some of our trunks?"

It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place.—Boston Transcript.

Cave Gnome—"What's driving you ashore?" Sea Serpent (shudderingly)—"The mermaids are trying to wear bloomers."—Chicago Tribune.

How is a fact that is true to the cynic As to the old grad-school sage? The up-to-date woman is never Right square up to date in her age.—Puck.

"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you." "It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Anyhow," said Dismal Dawson, "they ain't no man can lay his hand on his heart and say truthfully that I took my job of work away from him, and that goes!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Better wait awhile," said the Cammingsville sage. "After you get to be a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hortense—"I suppose there is always something in life to spoil a man's happiness?" Van Jay—"Yes; if a man is poor he can't be happy, and if he is rich the chances are he will get married."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Guest—"Here! What do you mean by waking me up three times this morning and telling me it is breakfast time? And here I catch you running away with the sheet." Boy—"Well, you see, sir, we've got to get the tablecloth whether you get up or not."—Tit-Bits.

Old Merator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman).—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week days?"—Sydney Bulletin.

"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?" "Because I really like the job," said the new farm hand. "Got a real likin' for work?" "Sure!" "You'd orter take treatment."—Indianapolis Journal.

Judge B. fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage in a bump on every stair until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and raising him up said: "I hope your Honor is not hurt?" "No," said the Judge, sternly. "My honor is not hurt, but my head is."

The latest addition to Americana abroad is the smart saying of a New York girl to an Englishman who took her in to dinner. "It sometimes wonder what becomes of all the peaches in your country," he said. "Oh, we eat what we can, and can what we can't," answered the ready-tongued maid.—New York Sun.

First Office Boy—"Do you like your job?" Second Office Boy—"Naw! The typewriter is thirty-five, the book-keeper's sore 'cause he can't be a dude on \$8 a week, the instalment company took the head clerk's bicycle away from him last week 'cause he hadn't paid up on it, and the boss won't let me whistle anywhere."—Somerville Journal.

A Whale Far Above Tidewater. Captain J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria, has the petrifed vertebra of a whale, which was found thirty feet under ground on one of the hills back of Astoria, at an elevation of 185 feet above the sea level. There was also a large deposit of clam shells around the whale's bone, but the rest of the bones of the whale were not visible. The fact that a whale was stranded 185 feet above the present water level in Astoria shows conclusively that there has been a flood at Astoria in days gone by, to which the flood in Portland a year ago last June was not a surfer. Portland went through that flood, and it is still here, but it is plain that the Astoria which existed when that whale was stranded was annihilated.—Portland Oregonian.

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